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THE IBSEN LEGEND.

One of the most curious chapters of literary history is that which deals with the greatest of Roman poets as he appeared to the imagination of the Middle Ages. The Master Virgil of mediævalism stands out as a vivid enough figure, exerting a marked influence upon the current of mediæval thought; yet how unlike the personality of the Mantuan as he appears to us, with our fuller knowledge of classical times, and the truer intellectual perspective of our view. It was a singular refraction, indeed, that shaped the outlines of the poet into the distorted figure of the wizard, a strange limitation of outlook that in so literal a sense made of his name a word with which to conjure, while blind to his genius and its true significance. Books have their fates, runs the Latin saying, and presumably their authors no less. But never was the fate of bookman more ironical than that of the poet of the "Æneid" and the "Fourth Eclogue," envisaged, a thousand years after his death, as an allegorist and a wonder-worker.

It is a far cry, in more ways than one, from Virgil to Dr. Ibsen, and there is but a single fact that could lead us even for a moment to couple their names. That fact is the prevalence and seemingly continued growth, at least in England and America, of an Ibsen legend, grotesquely divergent from the truth, and calculated to make of the Norwegian poet and dramatist a figure as unlike his real self as Master Virgil was unlike the poet who chiefly made glorious the Augustan Age. Our newspapers, and even some of our serious organs of opinion, afford frequent indications that the popular consciousness holds Dr. Ibsen to be the poet of gloom, of the morbid aspects of character, of the seamy side of life and the unsavory among human relations. A German sensationalist, long discredited, but whose latest work is just now getting much attention, finds in Dr. Ibsen a conspicuous illustration of what he calls *Entartung*. A typical newspaper article just now under our eye, an article of the better sort and evidently written in all seriousness, calls him "grim" and "egotistical," speaks of his "icy indifference," his "dank philosophy," and his "intolerable pessimism." No one who does much reading in current criticism can

have failed more than once to come across even the suggestion that he deliberately panders to the lower instincts of human nature, that he revels in what is revolting and unclean.

Anyone who has read the writings of Dr. Ibsen, and who knows something of the aims and ideals that they embody, rubs his eyes in wonderment when he meets with such epithets and opinions as have just been mentioned. But when amazement at the misconception has a little abated, he is apt to ask himself if there is any possible way of accounting for the origin of opinions so grotesque, unless, indeed, he summarily sets them down as adding another to the many existing illustrations of the essential irrationality of the majority of minds. The last count of the indictment above outlined may safely be left to shift for itself. There is no shred of evidence for it, and no sane mind could for a moment seriously entertain the suggestion. Nor is it without reluctance that we so far consider the poet's "icy indifference" as to recall the infinite tenderness of "Brand" and "Peer Gynt," or illustrate his "dank philosophy" by the passionate idealism of "Love's Comedy" and "Emperor and Galilean." The reader is to be pitied, indeed, who is not stirred to the depths of his soul by the agonies of Brand as child and wife are taken from him one after the other, or by that vision of the "third kingdom" which, in the story of Julian, casts its mystical glamour over the last struggle of dying paganism, and which might have been inspired by the choruses of Shelley's "Hellas."

The last of these illustrations leads us to the subject upon which more than a word or a reference is needed. Of all the charges commonly made against Dr. Ibsen, that of pessimism is probably the most persistent. This is not surprising when we consider the ignorant way in which that term is bandied about by most people, yet here, if ever, the accusation calls for an energetic protest. Pessimism is both a mood and a philosophical doctrine. Whatever standing it has, considered in its latter aspect, it owes to the authority of Schopenhauer, who, by logic convincing at least to himself, thought he had demonstrated the soul of things to be evil, believed irremediable suffering to lie at the root of conscious existence. To this doctrine the whole of Dr. Ibsen's work is tacitly but resolutely opposed. He never presents to us the gloomy side of life without suggesting the possibility of something better, rarely without indicating the way out of what seems an *impasse* to the soul of little faith. So far from

preaching evil as irremediable, he constantly ascribes it to lack of knowledge, infirmity of vision, and weakness of will. If there is any one trait dominant above all others throughout his writings, it is the persistent note of an idealism unshaken by

"The absurdity of men,
Their vaunts, their feats,"

an idealism as absolutely opposed as anything well can be to the philosophical doctrine of pessimism. If Dr. Ibsen is to be styled a pessimist in this sense, it must be in the company of all the satirists, ancient and modern, who have scourged the vices of mankind, and all the moralists who have discerned the good life and sought to bring about its realization in fact no less than in dream.

Of pessimism as a mood it may be said that Dr. Ibsen exhibits it as it has been exhibited by greater men than he, from Homer to Tennyson, by a large proportion, in fact, of the greatest poets that have ever lived. This merely means that he does not, like such men as Browning and Emerson, deliberately exclude from his view a large share of the facts of human life, that he is not content to build for himself a fool's paradise and dwell therein. He is not to be deluded by

"The barren optimistic sophistries
Of comfortable moles,"

and endeavors, according to the light that is in him, to see life steadily and see it whole. Like all writers of the second or third rank, he has his limitations, and his vision is defective; but to describe his prevalent mood as pessimistic, or even as cynical, is grossly to pervert the truth.

The principal reasons for the current misconception of Dr. Ibsen's fundamental attitude towards life may be briefly set forth. In the first place, much of his work is satirical, and this fact, combined with his power of expressing the white heat of indignation, naturally makes many people think that only one at heart a cynic could find so much to condemn in the conduct and the ideals of his fellow-men. In the second place, his work is nearly all dramatic in form, and dramatists always suffer from a more or less unconscious identification with the characters of their own creation, however objectively conceived. Last of all, and most important as far as the English-speaking public is concerned, he unfortunately first became known, and is still chiefly known, by means of a group of his least characteristic and enduring works. Most people get their whole notion of him from a group of three or four plays which deal with extremely narrow and specific social

problems, which are utterly inadequate to convey his essential message, and which embody no suggestion of the high poetic energy with which his really great work is charged. It is not altogether surprising that the "Ibsen legend" should find credence with readers who know only "A Doll Home," "Ghosts," "Hedda Gabler," and "Solness." To such, and to all who would know what Dr. Ibsen really stands for, we proffer the advice to read "Brand" and "Peer Gynt," those masterpieces of robust social philosophy and high ethical aim. Their invigorating moral atmosphere has the tonic quality of which our flabby civilization is most in need; their lofty idealism may well put to shame our opportunism, our half-heartedness, and all the paltry conventionalities by which our lives are misshapen. And we venture to say that whoever once takes those works to heart will hardly thereafter describe their author as a pessimist, or talk glibly of his "icy indifference" and his "dank philosophy." For such readers, at least, the "Ibsen legend" will be at once consigned to the limbo to which grown-up men and women relegate the nursery tales and pious fables that were literally accepted in childhood, but that cannot impose upon the rationalized adult intelligence.

JAMES DWIGHT DANA.

The death, on the fourteenth of April, of the veteran geologist James Dwight Dana, made American science the poorer by one of its most illustrious representatives. Professor Dana was born in 1813, at Utica, N. Y. He entered Yale at sixteen, attracted by Silliman's fame, and after being graduated with the class of 1833, spent two years in the government service as a mathematical instructor of midshipmen, visiting many parts of the world with the ships to which he was assigned. On his return from these journeyings, he became Silliman's assistant at Yale, and prepared the "System of Mineralogy," which appeared in 1837. The year following, he started to circumnavigate the globe with the Wilkes expedition, the voyage lasting four years. During these years, he took charge of the expedition departments of geology, mineralogy, and zoölogy, and made many valuable collections. The thirteen years following his return were chiefly occupied in preparing for publication the scientific results of his journey. The subjects of the volumes resulting (printed by the government) were "Zoöphytes," "Crustacea," and "Geology of the Pacific." In 1844 he settled for life in New Haven, and married Miss Henrietta Frances Silliman, who survives him. His late publications include "Coral Reefs and Islands," "The Geological Story Briefly Told," and the much revised "Manual of Geology" which has been our standard text-book of the subject for the past thirty years. The life record just closed is one of singular industry, achievement, and honor; the place he has vacated in our intellectual life will not easily be filled.

THE SPECTRAL PUBLISHER.

It seems to me that if I could lay the spectral head which comes between me and the paper, I should write with a swing and *verve* that would please the reader as much as it would myself. There are seasons when I cannot write at all; and then I evoke, but in vain, the spectral publisher. He only appears when I am in the mood for work. Sometimes it is one whom I have known; at others, a stranger; and I see, whichever it be, only a head with fixed eyes, and lips apart and formed as if about to pronounce that depressing word "No." He it is who is responsible for my evasive and pedestrian style. With his eye upon me I halt at every sentence and consider what he will say, when I ought to be thinking what I have to say. When he motions me to be laconic, I become diffuse; when he commands, "Now keep in touch with current times and the general reader," I grow at once obscure and wander off into the classics. If he chances to look away for a moment, to forget me, I recover myself and write with that abandonment I so much admire. Then ideas write themselves; images come without effort. Thus is my spectral publisher the destroyer of the genius which he seeks to discover and introduce to the world.

But some say the publisher is merely the agent of the public; that he buys what he can sell; that the producer—that is, the author—must conform himself to the market, to the consumer of his wares. How this is to be done, and at the same time permit an author to keep his intellectual integrity and develop what is within him, is the problem of literature. Plenty there are who seem now and in the past to have solved this problem. They glide easily into notice with their first book. Is there an astute publisher behind them? Or are they so fortunately constituted as to be themselves the counterparts, the reflex public, whom they address?—thus quite unconsciously gaining the ear and winning the applause of their readers. Success thus achieved is apt to repeat itself. It is then that the publisher and the public often seem more responsible for the volumes which follow than the author himself. A demand is made upon him—temptations from the publisher, the expectancy of readers,—and under this stimulus he goes on to further triumphs, or to extinguishment, according to the fertility or poverty of his genius. A few successes, often a single one, reverse the positions of author and publisher; the author becomes master of the situation, the publisher the eager purchaser. It is at this point that the author gains his intellectual freedom, if before he has not quite dared to exercise it. He can now more energetically say what he thinks, and more freely give form to his feelings, his experiences, and insights. He preaches from a pulpit, declaims from the rostrum, espouses reforms, dabbles in philosophy, art, and criticism. He establishes a sort of confessional, for at least one sex, and either covertly or boldly absolves the woman with a past.

Is his sense of responsibility at such a point equal to his sense of intellectual freedom? For to him now this question must be addressed, and not to the publisher, who will print without other thought than how many editions may be sold. Is he now at liberty to controvert the accepted ideas of morality and religion, to assume as established the psychological phenomena at present only in the most elementary stage of investigation—as, for instance, in the case of hypnotism? For I find some readers of recent fiction take for granted all its hypnotic machinery as well-established scientific fact. The wild and improbable elements in novels carry their own correction, if they chance to need any; it is not so with speculations on religion, socialism, and adventures into the border lands of spiritism. It is the author who is responsible, for the publisher's hand is hidden in the mere mercantile transactions which accompany publication.

But to the author struggling for recognition the publisher is spectral and formidable, especially to those who are doomed to acquire a hearing only after a slow and laborious career. Holding fast to their own genius and style, they work on in obscurity for a long time unnoticed, or misunderstood, as was the fate of Emerson. But he had to sustain himself on an income of about twelve hundred dollars and infinite patience and faith. His books for a long time brought him nothing. How they got themselves printed is a mystery. Perhaps publishers were less spectral and mercenary then than now. Mrs. Celia Thaxter, who might be called a fairly successful writer, received from her five books an income of about a hundred dollars a year. She maintained herself chiefly by magazine work, being always and everywhere a welcome contributor.

Mr. E. C. Stedman said, in his admirable address at the recent Stevenson memorial service, that "work of the first order cannot remain obscure"; and added, "if put forth unheralded it will be found out and will make its way." There is no doubt of it; and yet there is a terrible *if* in the way—how to get "work of the first order" before the public "unheralded." Where to-day is the publisher who will venture upon so daring an undertaking? For this prophecy of "making its way" means time, capital, and, withal, exceeding fine discernment and much faith.

What, then, is to become of those writers who have not the gift or the good luck to make a sensation at once, yet who have talent of a high order, perhaps genius even? who work slowly, carefully, conscientiously? The question is too difficult; and it seems to be something else than publishers, or even readers to any large extent, that help in bringing forward such writers. It may be said that poets and other imaginative writers save each other. The best discovers the best and preserves it; and in time, having the sanction of such authority, though limited to the few, it attains to wider and wider form. But the first requisite—namely, how

to get work of the first order into print—remains at this time unanswerable. Courage and patience for ye, obscure, unacknowledged geniuses. Remember Haydon's advice to John Keats: "Do not despair; collect incident, study character, read Shakespeare, and trust in Providence." Or read Tennyson's "Gleam," where he for the first and only time, under a thin veil, records all the steps of his own career, and, whatever his impediments, whether snarls of critics or indifference of the public, whether self-despair, long periods of inactivity, loss of friends, and sufferings from without and within,—at the end of all the experiences of life has but this one courageous, inspiring refrain:

"Follow the Gleam."

JOHN ALBEE.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE CLAIMS OF SCIENCE IN EDUCATION.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I confess to a good deal of amazement and regret upon reading the editorial on "Educational Values" in the last number of THE DIAL; not that objection should be made to any man's candid expression of preference for any class of studies, but that he should think it necessary or convincing to use such expressions as "husks of science" and the like. If the taste for scientific study is on the wane, and "hungry souls" are calling "for more generous and vitalizing forms of nutrition" to such an extent as the editorial mentioned appears to imply, it seems necessary to explain the increased facilities everywhere provided for the cultivation of science, and for the increased number of students seeking instruction in science. It is unfair in the highest degree to say that the advocates of science are the advocates of the narrowly practical or "the bread-and-butter policy" in education. Such a characterization scarcely applies to instruction even in technical schools. If I have observed the signs of the times to any purpose of late, the advocates of a narrow and one-sided policy in education are not the teachers of science. They (the latter) are advocating a broad foundation for university study, with a large predominance of language; but they are not willing to stand by and see the pursuit of pure science, which is as humanistic as that of language itself, characterized as a training for the mere purpose of getting a living. It is well to bear in mind the fact that the methods of teaching developed by teachers of science have been adopted by almost if not quite all departments of study. The powerful influence of science upon our pedagogical practice should not be forgotten in any estimate of "Educational Values."

HENRY S. CARHART.

University of Michigan, April 19, 1895.

[Twenty-five years ago, the demands of science for a larger recognition in educational curricula than had hitherto been accorded it were in the main just, and we do not begrudge its advocates the success of their efforts. But the claims made, however just in themselves, were often urged upon the grounds (indefensible from a purely educational

standpoint) of mere practicality, and were usually coupled with ill-natured and ignorant attacks upon humanistic training. In other words a needed educational reform was urged in a spirit anything but commendable, and that spirit has ever since characterized a large proportion of the discussions of the subject by men of science. The intolerance of the new scientific education has become every whit as bad as the intolerance, which we freely admit, of the old humanistic discipline. Nor can we regard as an unmixed blessing the fact that "the methods of teaching developed by teachers of science have been adopted by almost if not quite all departments of study." In history and literature, in psychology and the classics, there is now something too much, relatively speaking, of the scientific methods referred to. The really serious student of science undoubtedly gets educational discipline of a high character from his work, and scientific work is doubtless undertaken by many students for educational rather than for practical reasons; but the Philistine attitude toward science and the humanities still prevails in many quarters, and against it alone were directed the remarks to which our correspondent takes exception. We are free, however, to add our opinion that of late years science has been getting from the educators rather more than its due, and this at the expense of those pursuits which we believe should ever occupy the foremost place in the work of shaping to its highest uses the human soul.

—EDR. DIAL.]

THE UTILITY OF AN AUTHORS' GUILD.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I have read with interest the statement of the plans and purposes of the American Authors' Guild, as set forth by its officers in your last issue; and while I am not insensible to the claim which may justly be made upon every man by his profession, and am heartily in sympathy with many of the objects of the Guild, it seems to me that a word of caution or remonstrance may be in order as to one phase of the purposes of the society. Authors should not expect too much of the ability of such an organization to help them practically in their relations with publishers. Inexperienced authors especially will be likely to overestimate the advantages to be derived from it in this respect. I could scarcely conceive myself, as an author, invoking the aid of such a society in a dispute or disagreement with a publisher. And I am not without my own bit of experience of what such disagreements may be—having known what it is to be deliberately "bunkoed" by one publisher, while treated by another with an unfairness, in the handling of one of my books, which resulted in injury that could scarcely be condoned or repaired. But I suppose one must either stand such things, or seek whatever of relief and reparation the law may allow. I do not see how the sympathy or mutual indignation of an Authors' Society could help the matter much. It seems to me that such things must be settled, like other business affairs, by the individual on his own basis. A protective association for looking after the business interests of authors savors a little too much of "paternalism" to suit my taste. Besides—as a very practical

consideration—may not such a society tend to antagonize publishers as a class, and in this way work a certain disadvantage to its members? May there not be seen in it an implication that publishers as a class are men who, to put it mildly, will "bear watching"? and is not such an implication one that the many honorable members of the publishing trade would naturally be inclined to resent, and thus an antagonism be created between publishers and members of the society, which might be, to say the least, unfortunate? This seems but human nature. Experience has shown me that this matter, like most others in our tangled modern life, is not one-sided. If there are dishonest or unfair or blundering publishers, so there are unreasonable and impracticable and pestering authors. Better not, it seems to me, array the two classes or crafts against each other as natural or necessary adversaries.

I am aware that much is claimed for the good results of the London Authors' Society, of similar character and aims; and it certainly speaks well for it that it includes in its membership the foremost living English men of letters. But the statement of what has been accomplished by the London society may perhaps be taken with some allowance in the absence of anything from the publishers' side of the case; and, besides, the conditions in our new country are widely different from those that have long existed in England. My final thought is that the American society can be made successful only by including in its membership the leading and most influential authors of our country; and this the Authors' Guild seems thus far not to have accomplished. A real and representative Society of Authors is no doubt a good thing, and such I supposed we had in the Authors Club. But a Society of Authors-with-a-grievance is a different matter; and this, in my judgment, is what the American Authors' Guild should strive not to become.

A WESTERN AUTHOR.

Chicago, April 28, 1895.

"AMERICAN AUTHORS" ENGLISH.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Since reading the prospectus of the "American Authors' Guild," in your issue of April 16, I have chanced to see two pamphlets issued by the Guild, containing its latest reports; and a perusal of these astonishing publications awakens chiefly a curiosity to know what one of the American Authors in the Guild is responsible for its literature. I find, for example, that a recent report of the Secretary "was read and laid on the table, owing to its violation of certain technical rules." Another curious parliamentary proceeding was that a member "was asked to take the chair until the officers could be reelected for the remainder of their term. This was done." Among the complaints offered was one from a member who alleged that "a trade journal had not paid him" for an article "accepted by them." Another member related how "a publishing house which had agreed to publish his book" had at last been forced to "a fulfillment of their contract" with him. Further encouragement was afforded by the reading of "a letter from Mrs. A., now in England, who had seen Mr. Besant, and that Mr. Besant wished," etc. A member "offered a resolution that a pamphlet be prepared, and to have one thousand copies printed." It is to be hoped that before the new pamphlet appears the American Authors will have provided themselves with an editor.

G. L. C.

Rochester, N. Y., April 26, 1895.

The New Books.

FAR EASTERN PICTURES AND PROBLEMS.*

In his "The Peoples and Politics of the Far East," Mr. Henry Norman presents the results of four years of study, travel, and adventure in China, Japan, Korea, Siberia, Malaya, and the British, French, Spanish, and Portuguese Oriental colonies. The book seems to us decidedly the best one on the subject since Mr. Curzon's; and we especially commend it to all who have been racking their brains of late in the effort to extract the *rationale* of current Eastern questions from the newspapers. The ground covered by the volume is too extensive and the treatment too detailed to admit of anything like a complete summary of it here; hence we shall confine ourselves to those chapters which seem of most immediate interest.

Mr. Norman is at especial pains to set forth what he conceives to be the truth about that hugely miscalculated factor in international problems, the Chinese Empire. Now that the bubble blown by Marquis Tseng has been pricked by the sword of Japan, and the "sleeping leviathan of the Orient" has proved to be a mere paper dragon with nothing formidable about it, it is hard to realize that a year ago China ranked as a Great Power, was *Kotowed* to by other Great Powers, and was even invested by the Western fancy with certain vague terrors of her own, boding and mysterious, a legacy of the days of Attila and Jenghiz Khan. When, at the outbreak of the present war, it was announced that each Chinese province was called on for a levy of 20,000 men, the illusion grew. Nineteen times 20,000 is 380,000; and the timid reader, aghast at these figures and inspired by such political Jeremiahs as Mr. Charles Pearson, at once figured to himself a host like that of Tamerlane sweeping before it the forces of the Mikado like drift before the blast, and then (obedient to the prophetic Mr. Pearson) rolling westward, swelled by the countless hordes of the Yellow Race, to overrun the world and bring on a new interregnum of barbarism. As usual, the unexpected has happened. Huge China, with her 350,000,000 of people, has been soundly and summarily drubbed by little Japan, with her 40,000,000.

* THE PEOPLES AND POLITICS OF THE FAR EAST: Travels and Studies in the British, French, Spanish, and Portuguese colonies, Siberia, China, Japan, Korea, Siam, and Malaya. By Henry Norman, author of "The Real Japan." With Illustrations and Maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

She has not made even a decent show of resistance; and the lurid Pearsonian dream of a new Mongol invasion of Europe has vanished in thin air.

Without dwelling on events now familiar to the world, it may be interesting to note some of the ways in which China has prepared herself for defeat. Underlying the more specific causes of it are the following general ones: inbred and fanatical conservatism and consequent stagnation; a competitive system which imposes proficiency in the Chinese classics as the universal standard of fitness for office; lack of racial and territorial unity, there being, says Mr. Norman, virtually "no such thing as 'China'"; organic corruption in the public establishments—every Chinese official, "with the possible exception of one in a thousand," being as it were *ex officio*, "a liar, a thief, and a tyrant." The proximate cause of China's defeat by Japan is of course the worthlessness of her army. This perhaps hollowest of all the manifold shams of the Flowery Kingdom is, as both Mr. Norman and Mr. Curzon testify, a half-organized mob of spiritless, lash-driven coolies and uncontrolled savages, armed largely with flint-locks, battle-axes, spears, gingals, bows, *gongs*, and the like curio-shop rarities, and officered by *literati*, versed in the lore of Confucius and the primary official arts of picking and stealing, but as ignorant as their men of the specific duties of their calling. The army moreover is largely a figment. Touching the provincial levies noted above, Mr. Norman says:

"The newspaper reader might perhaps not be expected to know that the Emperor of China could as easily raise 20,000 men in Mars as in some of his provinces; that it would not be difficult to enlist a considerable force in one part of China to attack another part; that absolutely no organization exists in China for the handling of such masses; that the men would find themselves without uniforms, without arms, without food, without the most rudimentary knowledge of war, without leaders of any description whatever; or that a huge army of the kind in the neighborhood of the capital would be almost certain to seize the opportunity to upset the present alien government."

Matters are naturally no better in the navy, where the same ridiculous standard of fitness prevails. The high-grade naval officer need not necessarily know a sextant from a cathead, or even be capable of boxing the compass; but he must be well up in the classics. He may know little or nothing of Raper or Bowditch, but he must know his Confucius. The appointment of the renowned Admiral Ting, for instance, seems to have been made largely on grounds which, had the British Government

looked to China for naval precedents, would have warranted it in putting, say, Professor Jowett in command of the Mediterranean Squadron. The learned Ting, by-the-by, is the hero of the famous story of the Chinese Admiral who was found one day playing pitch-and-toss, or its Oriental equivalent, on the floor of the Admiral's cabin with his sentry. A few scattered facts noted here by our author speak volumes as to the general condition of the Chinese war establishments.

He says: "I was once being shown by a naval officer over one of their two biggest ironclads, which was on a cruise at the time, and presumably in first-rate order. I noticed a gun carefully protected in a canvas cover. As we passed it, I asked casually what it was. The officer explained with pride that it was a new quick-firing gun, and called a quartermaster to remove the covering. The order was obeyed with evident reluctance, and when the gun was at length exposed it proved to be used by one of the watches as a receptacle for their 'chow,' and was filled with chop-sticks and littered with rice and pickles."

From a foreign instructor Mr. Norman got a few significant facts as to the *régime* on board a Chinese ironclad. In reply to an inquiry when his ship would sail, the instructor said:

"The only way we really know when we are to sail is by the Admiral coming on board. He leaves the ship as soon as we come into port, and we never see him again until we sail. He knows nothing at all about naval matters—he is just the Mandarin put on board by Li. . . . I have seen him gambling here on the quarter-deck with a common seaman, and when he has won all his money he'll tell the paymaster to advance him some more, so that he can go on playing. . . . The only men on board that could really do anything are these young fellows, and they have no power at all. They fought against the French and got nothing at all for it—just a few dollars, and were told to take themselves off. The rings on the big Krupps are beginning to open out already, and if there is the least dirt or sand you can't shut them.' 'Then I suppose,' I said, 'that no European Squadron need be afraid of the Pei-yang Squadron yet?' 'No fear, sir, it is only a question who will get them as prizes,' was the reply."

Such facts render the "Pall Mall Gazette" account of a Chinese warship sailing for the Yalu *minus* one of its guns, which the commander had pawned, credible enough. A good story illustrative of the methods of Chinese officialdom dates back to the French war:

"While the French fleet was off Tamsui, the 27-centimetre Krupp guns in one of the shore batteries had been trained upon the *Gallisonière* at 1,000 yards range for several days. At the first French shot all the Chinese artillerymen fled, except one, who succeeded in discharging three guns before a shot struck him and blew his head off. One of the shells he fired pierced the ship and remained imbedded in the woodwork, failing to explode. The vessel went to Hongkong, where with infinite precautions the shell was removed and opened. It had been manufactured at the Foochow

Arsenal, and contained—charcoal! The maker had, of course, been paid for gunpowder and had pocketed the difference."

"The more one learns about China," says Mr. Norman, "the less confident become one's opinions about it"—the first result of experience being to teach that any sweeping generalization about the country is almost necessarily untrue. To the Western mind every individual Chinaman seems a mass of contradictions. His ways are not our ways, and his motives are not our motives; and the moment we attempt to explain him and account for his conduct on purely Western theories we are at sea. Take, for example, the difference of views upon a single point—human life. Mr. Norman relates that a foreign resident of Peking riding through the streets one day came upon a crowd of natives. Drawing near, he found them passively watching a man who was trying to commit suicide by beating his head against a wall. Inquiry disclosed the fact that the man was a coolie who, claiming that his wages for a certain job were short by ten cash (about two cents), was proceeding to revenge himself on his employer by dashing out his own brains. Another instance is told of a man who, on a like provocation, threw himself into a canal, but (*mirabile dictu*) was pulled out by the bystanders. "So he simply sat down on the edge and starved himself to death, to be revenged against somebody who had cheated him." Lest these stories be lightly ascribed to what Dr. Johnson called "the desire to propagate a wonder" on Mr. Norman's part, we subjoin a parallel case, the facts of which are taken from a Chinese newspaper. It appears that one day a sow belonging to a Mrs. Fêng happening to knock down and deface the front door of a Mrs. Wang, the latter presented a claim upon her neighbor for damages. Mrs. Fêng, disowning legal responsibility in the premises, declined payment; whereupon a fierce debate ensued, which ended in the injured Mrs. Wang's threatening to take the life—not of Mrs. Fêng or of the original trespasser—but of herself! But herein she reckoned without her host; for Mrs. Fêng, apprised in time of her danger, and being a person of resource and promptitude, at once turned the tables on her enemy by herself jumping into the canal, whence she was dragged the day following, to the signal discomfiture of Mrs. Wang. Perhaps the Ghost Theory may be called in to explain these Oriental notions of vengeance.

There is one point upon which, as Mr. Nor-

man testifies, all Chinamen are perfectly consistent with themselves and with each other; and that is, hatred of the foreigner. Hatred, however, is not just the word here, for it implies a tincture of respect; whereas in China the "foreign devil" is despised at sight—not merely disliked, but regarded with sincere and profound contempt. To the apprehension of the rabble, he is an unclean and possibly a dangerous animal, to be baited and disposed of out of hand, like a rat; while as for the rulers, says Mr. Norman, "the better they know us the less they like us." Said a foreign diplomat at Peking: "If the Tsungli Yamèn (Foreign Board) were abolished our lives would not be safe here twenty-four hours. The people just refrain from actually molesting us because they have learned that they will be very severely punished if they do." To show what the Celestial really thinks of foreigners, there is nothing like a ramble in Peking.

"What are your relations with the people you meet? First of all, they crowd around you whenever you stop, and in a minute you are the centre of a solid mass of humanity, which is eating horrible stuff, which is covered with vermin, which smells worse than words can tell, and which is quite likely to have the small-pox about it. . . . The crowd jostles you, feels your clothes with its dirty hands, pokes its nose in your face, keeping up all the time a string of insulting and obscene remarks, with accompanying roars of laughter. . . . The pedestrian you meet treats you with much less consideration than one of his own countrymen; the children run to the door to cry 'Kueidzu!'—devil—at you. They have other indescribable and worse ways of insulting you. . . ."

These street-amenities are, of course, by no means confined to Peking or the mob. Says a member of the China Inland Mission (1894):

"The Chi-nan-fu fop, dressed in silks and satins, flipping his sleeves in the face of the foreign visitor met in the street; the middle-aged scholar, dressed as a gentleman, not thinking it beneath him to hiss out 'foreign devil' or simply 'devil'; young and old spitting on the ground in bitterness close to the visitor's feet, laughing in his face, or, on passing, turning sharply round and making a most hateful noise at his ear,—these are some of the petty annoyances that the *literati* and gentry practise."

The discussion of the relation between Chinese and foreigners naturally leads up to the vexed Missionary Question, a point on which Mr. Norman holds very strong opinions.

"I believe it to be strictly within the limits of truth to say that foreign missionary effort in China has been productive of far more harm than good. Instead of serving as a link between Chinese and foreigners, the missionaries have formed a growing obstacle. As travellers in the East well know, Oriental peoples are especially susceptible upon two points, of which their religion is the chief. We have forced the inculcation of

an alien and a detested creed upon the Chinese literally at the point of the bayonet. . . . I am convinced that if the subscribers to Chinese missions could only see for themselves the minute results of good and the considerable results of harm that their money produces, they would find in the vast opportunities for reformatory work at home a more attractive field for their charity."

In support of these views the author cites the testimony of some of the leading missionaries themselves, Romish and Protestant; and we may observe *en passant* that the Roman propaganda, being the more consistently and devotedly served, and not being discredited in the eyes of the natives by multiplicity of sects, is the more successful of the two. Says Mr. Norman:

"I once asked a Roman Catholic priest whom I met in China, and of whose knowledge and character I had formed the highest opinion, if he believed that the result of missionary enterprise would result, even in the fulness of time, in anything that could be remotely described as the Christianizing of China. '*Jamais!*' he replied emphatically. 'Then,' said I, 'why are you here?' 'I am here,' he replied, 'simply in obedience to the command to preach the Gospel to all peoples. Like the soldiers in the ranks, I obey the orders of my commander, without understanding in the least what good is to come of them.'"

Several Protestant witnesses are cited to the like effect; the main conclusion being that, in the words of Dr. A. Williamson, "not only is heathenism extending, but immorality" (the sole point in which the Chinese seem eager to learn of the foreign devil) "is increasing in all directions." The Chinese themselves incline to bracket missionaries and opium together as the twin curses of their country; while "conversion" to Christianity is regarded by many natives merely as a possible step to an easier livelihood. Mr. Norman tells of a friend of his who asked a Chinese servant, whom he had previously known, what he was engaged in doing. He replied, "My have got that Jesus pidgin." He simply meant that he had taken up Christianity, with its substantial benefits in the way of board and wages, as his new calling.

The main drift of the sections of Mr. Norman's book to which we have confined ourselves seems to be that, in the words of Mr. Kipling, "East is East, and West is West." Orientals and Westerns are the oil and the water of humanity; and there is, so far as we can see, no way of blending them. China is inspired by this truth when she denounces Westernizing Japan as a traitor to Asia; Japan is inspired by it when she retorts that China is the real traitor, since, instead of rousing herself to resist the tide of Occidental advance, she continues to dream on supinely in her long

sleep of Confucian barbarism—even while the enemy is knocking at her gates. And Japan, says Mr. Norman, “is prepared to bring China back to Asiatic allegiance.” Her watchword is “Asia for the Asiatics”; a federation or *Bund* of Eastern powers, with the hegemony for herself, is her political goal. Obviously, to the support of such an arrangement as this, an alliance with a European State is necessary; and Great Britain is Japan’s first choice.

“Great Britain and Japan allied in the Far East would be irresistible. The one would command the sea, the other would dominate the land. . . . With such a union the Korean Channel would become a second Dardanelles, and the Sea of Japan would become the Russian Black Sea of the East.”

Meanwhile (be it added), tireless Russia is pushing on her Trans-Siberian Railway, *not*, as Mr. Norman himself admits, to a terminus at icebound Vladivostok, but to a Korean port. “Whatever else may be thought of the Far East, let the fact that Russia intends to go to Korea be regarded as certain.” All things considered, it would seem that a storm is brewing in the Orient compared with which the one just spent will be but a passing squall. We heartily commend Mr. Norman’s book as a rich and suggestive descriptive, expository, and pictorial aid to a comprehension of the Far East, its peoples and its problems.

E. G. J.

PROFESSOR TYRRELL ON LATIN POETRY.*

The Turnbull Lectureship had a propitious inauguration. American literature has produced no work more helpful and suggestive to one who wishes to cultivate the power to appreciate verse than Mr. Stedman’s lectures on “The Nature and Elements of Poetry,” which formed the first series on the Turnbull foundation. This was followed, in 1892, by a consideration of “The Growth and Influence of Classical Greek Poetry,” by no less an authority than Professor Jebb, of Cambridge. Latin Poetry naturally came in for its hearing next; and the lecturer chosen was Professor Tyrrell, of Dublin,—a Professor of Greek, by the way, though best known in this country, perhaps, by his work in editing the *Correspondence of Cicero*. It will be seen that his credentials for such a position as that of the Turnbull lectureship, with Latin Poetry as the special subject,

are not, on their face, so unquestionable as those of either of his predecessors; and a reading of the lectures, as they now appear in book form, will be found slightly disappointing to those whose expectations are based upon the standard set by Mr. Stedman and Professor Jebb.

One is scarcely influenced to follow Professor Tyrrell very implicitly in matters of opinion, when he meets, in the introductory chapter, a serious attempt to establish Cicero in high rank among the Roman bards. In his judgment, of all the poets of the Cæsarean period, Lucretius and Catullus excepted, “by far the most important and interesting, not only for his real poetic ability, but for the influence which he exercised upon subsequent Art, is the great orator and consummate man of letters, M. Tullius Cicero.” Several pages are devoted to the maintenance of this thesis; but the proof adduced does not compel assent. Cicero was a man of great versatility, but his achievements in poetry may perhaps more fitly be classed along with his military victory over the Pindenissitæ than made the basis for ranking him as a third after such poets as Lucretius and Catullus.

As the lecturer is over-charitable toward the pretensions of Cicero as a poet, so, on the other hand, he seems unduly adverse in his treatment of Horace. Horace may have adapted much from Lucilius, but the evidence of the Lucilian fragments seems rather overworked in the effort to prove that his writings are not “the artless and candid expression of his personal feelings and experiences.” It is easier to believe that a poet may occasionally set the “candid expression of his personal feelings and experiences” in a framework borrowed, in greater or less degree, from the literature of a previous age, than to believe that any considerable portion of the verse of Horace is a mere literary exercise in the modernization of Lucilius. Professor Tyrrell has not been untouched, however, by the charm of the Odes: “Whatever may be thought about the meaning which underlies them, their form is perfection itself, and they defy imitation. . . . Each new attempt to copy them has only added a new proof that the mould in which they were made was shattered beyond all mending when it fell from the hands of Horace.”

The two lectures in which Lucretius and Catullus are considered show a more ardent enthusiasm than any other portion of the series, and the added zest shown in their delivery made

* LATIN POETRY. Lectures delivered on the Percy Turnbull Memorial Foundation in the Johns Hopkins University. By R. Y. Tyrrell, Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Dublin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

an impression upon at least one listener which two years have not effaced. Lucretius is to him "this High Priest of Atheism, this Apostle of Irreligion, who thunders against inspiration like one inspired, and who shows all the rapt devotion of a Stephen in his denial of immortality,—all the fervor of a Bossuet while he scatters to the winds the last perished leaves of human hope." His poem is kept "instinct with life," notwithstanding the deadness of the philosophy which it embodies, by "the fine frenzy which clothes every argument, however dry or abstruse, with all the hues of fancy, and which makes the poem like nothing else in all literature, if we except our own Tennyson's 'Two Voices.'" Again: "He breathed upon the system of Epicurus, and created a soul under the ribs of death." As one may see from these short quotations, the Dublin professor has found the "fine frenzy" of his subject contagious, and the result is a lecture which will be read with intense interest, and by the general reader, too, as well as the student of Latin literature. Lucretius, he concludes, "has now won his place among the great poets of the world. . . . We now see how religious is the irreligion of this Titan. We hear in his sombre strains not the sneers of the encyclopædist, but the high words of Prometheus on the Caucasus. At last the world has learned that intrepid audacity combined with noble sincerity may have a beauty which is like the beauty of holiness. . . . And we see in him an eager student of Nature, who has been raised by a naturally religious cast of mind, through cold and intangible abstractions to which he tried in vain to cling,—raised out of Nature and up to Nature's God."

Passing from the great philosopher, in Catullus we meet one "the keynote of whose song is man and man's heart,"—one tormented not "by the painful riddle of the earth," as Lucretius, but "by the pangs of disprized love." In the poems of which Lesbia is the subject, Professor Tyrrell thinks that the poet "has struck those terrible chords which give us the very vibrations of his heart,—chords as true as those of Burns or Shakespeare, and as artistic as those of Keats or Shelley." (One pauses here to note the admission that one poet, at least, struck "true chords," notwithstanding the habit of adaptation from his predecessors, whether Horace could do so or not.) The usual comparison of Catullus with Moore is rejected, and is held to have injured the work of translators, who have missed the deep feeling of the original and fallen into "the rollicking vein of the Irish

melodist." The opinion of Professor Sellar is quoted with approval, that the "Attis," "regarded as a work of pure imagination, is the most remarkable poetical creation in the Latin language."

Propertius, Tibullus, and Ovid are passed over hastily at the close of the lecture on Catullus. Of the three, Propertius stands first in the sympathy of the author; and when we leave him, we are told, "we abandon really ardent sincerity in the expression of the passion of love, never again to meet it in Latin poetry." If the lecture on Virgil seems somewhat less interesting than the two which precede, it is not from any lack of sympathetic treatment, but from the impossibility of working into an hour's talk on the author of the *Æneid* any considerable amount of matter not already known to the average reader. The lecture on Horace has been mentioned above. The space already taken forbids more than the mere mention of the two remaining, which treat respectively of "Latin Satire" and the "Latin Poetry of the Decline."

To the lectures as delivered is appended an essay of some twenty-five pages on "Some Recent Translations of Virgil." We have noted but two misprints—*Fabulanus* for *Fabulinus*, page 68; and another on page 297, which has a quite comical effect, since it makes the pious *Æneas float*, instead of *flout*, "Dido's realm as he flies."

One will not find in these lectures a substitute for the three excellent volumes of the late Professor Sellar; but for a general view of Latin poetry, within the compass of a single volume, we know of nothing better. By the time the poetry of the leading literary races has been treated in this way, the Turnbull lectureship will have done a great service to the American people in cultivating the power to enjoy and understand good poetry. In 1894, Professor Norton was the lecturer, with Dante as his theme; and no doubt his lectures will be published ere long. For some reason or other, the lectureship was not filled for 1895. Hebrew Poetry is announced as the subject for 1896, to be considered by Professor George A. Smith, of Glasgow.

W. H. JOHNSON.

THE "Mid-Continent" is a new name in periodicals, but it stands for the old "Southern Magazine," which in its present form is typographically far more attractive than before, and which publishes much good matter by writers mostly hailing from the South and the West.

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.*

He who would read the history of American politics in the lives of our great men turns naturally to the roll of Presidents. General Wilson, the editor of the large and handsome volume entitled "The Presidents of the United States," states that the twenty-three biographies which it contains present a complete record of the most important events in the nation's history, from the inauguration of our first president to the summer of 1894. Many of the articles in the book were prepared for the "Cyclopædia of American Biography," while a few were written especially for this work. Although the sketches are necessarily short, they are not lacking in value or in interest. A series of political biographies by such writers as Messrs. Robert C. Winthrop, John Fiske, James Parton, D. C. Gilman, John Hay, and others scarcely less known, could hardly fail to be noteworthy. The limitations of the work were such that the writers were confined for the most part to a recital of facts already familiar to the average student of American history; yet the stories are so well told that no one will regret the time spent in reading them in this new form. The book is not only a collection of interesting biographies, but is also a compendium of the history of America under constitutional government.

Such a work as this cannot fail to appeal to the pride of patriotic Americans. With all our political faults, it is still true that no other country in the world can boast of such a succession of able rulers. In the whole list there are few weak and no unworthy men, while some will rank among the world's greatest leaders. An eminent English historian has recently said that the place of Washington in the history of mankind "is well-nigh without a fellow." After the death of Mr. Lincoln, the London "Spectator" spoke of him as "certainly the best, if not the ablest, man ruling over any country in the civilized world"; and Professor Goldwin Smith said, "America has gained one more ideal character, the most precious and inspiring of national possessions."

In view of his later life, it seems strange, at first, to find Jefferson Davis, in his article reprinted from the "Cyclopædia of Biography,"

writing fairly and appreciatively of so sturdy a patriot and so staunch a Union man as Zachary Taylor. Yet Mr. Davis could speak with authority, for he was a member of General Taylor's staff during the Mexican war, and was his trusted friend. He speaks guardedly of Taylor's political opinions, but evidently admired his patriotism. He even goes so far as to state his belief that if Taylor had lived he would have done much to abate the party and sectional bitterness which became so much intensified in the years just succeeding his death.

The book is illustrated with excellent steel engravings of the Presidents, made from noted portraits. Each sketch closes with a short bibliography, and the editor has appended sketches of the "ladies of the White House," together with notices of such descendants of the Presidents as have become prominent in the subsequent history of the country. Whatever may be said of the Presidents, it is certain that very few, if any, commonplace women have been numbered in the list of their wives; and not the least interesting chapter in the nation's history is that relating to their participation in its social and political life. The names of Martha Washington and Abigail Adams are familiar ones, but the beautiful and accomplished Martha Jefferson seems to have received rather less than her due from posterity. It is interesting to read that Mr. Jefferson "retained a romantic devotion for her throughout his life, and because of her failing health refused foreign appointments in 1776, and again in 1781, having promised that he would accept no public office that would involve their separation."

Mrs. Polk was a woman of unusual strength of character, and was one of the most popular of the ladies who have presided at the White House. "She held weekly receptions, and abolished the custom of giving refreshments to the guests. She also forbade dancing, as out of keeping with the character of such entertainments. In spite of her reforms, Mrs. Polk was very popular. 'Madam,' said a prominent South Carolinian, at one of her receptions, 'there is a woe pronounced against you in the Bible.' On her inquiring his meaning, he added: 'The Bible says, "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you."'"

Mrs. Taylor was of a different cast of mind. When General Taylor became President "she reluctantly accepted her responsibilities, regarding the office as a plot to deprive her of her husband's society and to shorten his life by unnecessary care. She surrendered to her

* THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES, 1789-1894. By John Fiske, Carl Schurz, William E. Russell, Daniel C. Gilman, William Walter Phelps, Robert C. Winthrop, George Bancroft, John Hay, and others. Edited by James Grant Wilson. With Steel Portraits, Facsimile Letters, and other Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

youngest daughter the superintendence of the household, and took no part in social duties."

The lives of the later Presidents' wives are enshrined in the hearts of the American people. Each one has been of the noblest type of womanhood, and, both in character and accomplishment, is worthy of the title of "the first lady of the land." CHARLES W. FRENCH.

RECENT FICTION.*

The fact is perhaps worth noting that of the fifteen books of fiction grouped for the purposes of the present article, and representing what is best in the output of the past few months, four should have been written by Chicagoans. One swallow does not make a summer, and four novels do not make what the journalist calls a "literary centre," but there is at least an encouraging indication of progress in this almost simultaneous appearance of four examples of skilful and conscientious workmanship. For, whatever their shortcomings, the four books alike are possessed of those qualities; they display, moreover, a feeling for literature as an art, which is a very different thing from literature as "journalism," for example, or from literature that claims the name by mere virtue of the intrinsic human interest of its subject-matter.

First of all, we will say a few words of Miss Bell's "A Little Sister to the Wilderness." In this book, the reader will find little to remind him of "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid," the delicate

* A LITTLE SISTER TO THE WILDERNESS. By Lilian Bell. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.

A SAWDUST DOLL. By Mrs. Reginald de Koven. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.

TWO WOMEN AND A FOOL. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.

MEN BORN EQUAL. A Novel. By Harry Perry Robinson. New York: Harper & Brothers.

CEUR D'ALÈNE. By Mary Hallock Foote. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

POPPA. By Julien Gordon. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

A BACHELOR MAID. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. New York: The Century Co.

PHILIP AND HIS WIFE. By Margaret Deland. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE RALSTONS. By F. Marion Crawford. Two volumes. New York: Macmillan & Co.

MISS CHERRY-BLOSSOM OF TOKYO. By John Lather Long. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE PRINCESS ALINE. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Harper & Brothers.

BEYOND THE DREAMS OF AVARICE. A Novel. By Walter Besant. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A MAN OF MARK. By Anthony Hope. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

A ROMANCE OF DIJON. By M. Betham-Edwards. New York: Macmillan & Co.

IN THE LION'S MOUTH. The Story of Two English Children in France, 1789-1793. By Eleanor C. Price. New York: Macmillan & Co.

group of social silhouettes with which the author made her *début* a couple of years ago. Here we have, not the sophisticated society of the cities, but the primitive society of the Tennessee mountain regions. The ground is peculiarly Miss Murfree's, but we think that Miss Bell has justified her right to join in the occupation. Description and characterization are both good, and the spiritual issues of the situation are drawn out with a fine sense of relative values. The dialect is something of a stumbling block, but the writer has a conscience (as her prefatory note upon this subject shows), and it would hardly be reasonable to expect phonetics of more standard type from her mountaineers. Of the two central figures, that of the heroine, felicitously described as a "soul-endogen," is the more finely conceived, and arouses the instant sympathies of the reader. The other figure, that of the itinerant revivalist, we can hardly take as seriously as the writer would have us. The essential vulgarity of the whole theory of religious practice and inculcation which he exemplifies stands in the way. A man as fine as the writer would have us think her hero would be the last in the world to lend himself to such proceedings. Mr. Bunner, in one of his short stories, has depicted for us the revivalist and his methods with the better art and saner view. But for all that, Miss Bell has told a story that deserves attention, and the sincerity of her workmanship is undoubted. For this, one may easily pardon some careless phrases, a few defective articulations, and the undue exaltation of a type of character that cannot be called admirable.

"A Sawdust Doll" does not seem to us the happiest of titles for the story in which Mrs. de Koven has outlined the supreme tragic experience of a woman's life. The nursery anecdote suggested by the words brings with it associations that are merely amusing, and irony is carried far indeed when we liken the petty disillusionment of a child to the final awakening from that dream of happiness which comes but once in a life. Mrs. de Koven's story is of the simplest in construction. Fiction has no more familiar figure than that of the woman who fondly believes that friendship and respect can adequately fill the place of love in her heart, and whose wedded life is tranquil for a time with the calm that precedes the storm. When passion comes into such a life, it is with the force of the freshest, and devastation marks its path. But this new variation upon so common a theme has both force and distinction. The force is in the woman's struggle for self-mastery, eventually at bitter cost attained; the distinction is in the artistic restraint of the work, and the elaboration of a style that will, for the most part, bear close examination. We say for the most part, because there are now and then touches of the stiff and dithyrambic, notes that strike the ear as a trifle discordant, and such infelicitous figures as "Lightning will breed an infidelity in a compass." Mrs. de Koven has set herself so exact-

ing a standard of form that we must speak of these matters, but mainly for the sake of adding that their mention is a tribute to the high plane of excellence that alone makes them noticeable. With the ordinary novel such things are a matter of course, but this novel is one of exceptionally conscientious workmanship. The precision and perspicuity of the style are French rather than English, and its defects, if we may hazard an opinion upon so delicate a subject, seem to result from the fact that the extremely modern group of Frenchmen have unduly influenced the writer. Externally, "A Sawdust Doll" is a story of New York and Newport society, which the author knows and does not take too seriously. The mechanical features of the book are so tasteful that its careless proof-reading is all the more a blemish.

"I wonder how those clever fellows who write books turn out epigrams. Do they flow out ready made, or are they worked out with a dictionary?" This is one of the things that puzzle the "fool" who is the hero of Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's latest novel, but it is clearly no puzzle to the author, for a thick sheaf of epigrams makes up almost the entire contents of his book. We will not hazard a conjecture as to their genesis: some of them are platitudinous enough to "flow out ready made" from any kind of a pen; others are so neatly turned as to suggest, not necessarily the dictionary — which would prove a dubious aid in such a case — but rather a considerable acuteness of social observation, or at least a careful study of recent French and English writing of the meteor-studded type. But we should say that the author had not been well-advised in abandoning the pleasant narrative style of "An American Peeress" to venture upon new ground so dangerous. For your epigram must be very good indeed to be tolerable, and must spring from a certain breadth of view and ripeness of experience rarely if ever possessed by young writers. The story told (mostly in the epigrammatic musings of its hero) by Mr. Chatfield-Taylor is of the slightest description. There is no doubt that the hero is a fool, as he himself frankly admits, for no one deserving a less contemptuous title could so long have hesitated between the two women — the pure one and the impure — who flit across the pages of the book, and through the reveries of the young artist who loves them both without being able to determine which of his two passions is the real thing. He is enlightened in the end, but does not deserve the good fortune that seemingly awaits him, and we trust that Dorothy gives him more than one bad quarter of an hour before she accepts his sullied devotion.

Not long ago, in commenting upon Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's strong novel of New York politics, we ventured the prediction that the political motive, being peculiarly available for the purposes of the American novelist, would come to play an important part in our fiction. In Mr. Harry Perry Rob-

inson's "Men Born Equal" we have an impressive presentation of one of the most urgent of all our political problems — that offered by the ignorant and hot-headed democracy of our large cities, who, in the first flush of their newly-realized power, allowing themselves to be controlled by the self-seeking and unscrupulous demagogue, make "labor" their shibboleth, and in its name assail the very foundations of civilized society. This problem Mr. Robinson presents with knowledge and sympathy — knowledge of the actual workings of municipal machines and the tactics of labor organizations, sympathy with the dull sense of wrong that impels to the senseless antagonisms and riots that spring from the present hostility between employers and employed. The situation selected by the author is presented with force and fairness, and the aspirations of his hero must be those of every intelligent and unprejudiced observer of the industrial situation. The painful reality of the details that make up this story is only too evident to the inhabitants of our large cities, and we must feel with the writer that no specific and immediate remedy is possible. The uplifting forces of a widened education and a deepened moral sense will in the end win the fight for civilization, as against the anarchy now threatened; but we must be patient, and not hope to reconstruct the world in a day. Mr. Robinson is at times too didactic for the ends of good literary art, but he enlists the feelings of the earnest reader, and offers him not only a political tract, but an attractive love-story as well; the whole being framed in forcible, nervous, and unpretentious English. It is distinctly a good book, written from life, homely in its sincerity, and faithful to fine ideals throughout.

An English visitor to our shores recently expressed the opinion that American labor organizations seemed still to be in a stage long outgrown and left behind by the trades unions of Great Britain. He found here the violence and the lawlessness that the sober second thought of the English workingmen rejected many years ago, as inflicting the deepest of injuries upon the cause of the industrial masses. A comparative study of present-day strikes in the two countries, and of the coercive methods of labor organizations, would, we think, afford much justification for this view. Such, evidently, is the opinion of Mrs. Foote, whose "Cœur d'Alène," although a sketch rather than a detailed picture, strongly reminds us of Charles Reade's "Put Yourself in His Place," as far as the two books stand upon the common ground of the discussion of union *versus* non-union labor. A strike of Montana miners in the summer of 1892 is the subject of Mrs. Foote's story, and her evident familiarity with the scenes and types of character depicted gives strength to a work that is yet open to the criticism of being done too much in outline. Interest of the tenderer sort is supplied by a love-story, while the perils of hero and heroine keep the

interest fresh and the attention alert. That the book is an example of good, forcible, picturesque writing, need hardly be added to our comment. The author's name always stands for these qualities, and others no less admirable.

We have read with much interest the three or four volumes of fiction produced by Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger during the past few years, hoping to observe a steady development of the talent undeniably latent in her first book. The hope has not been realized to any considerable extent, although an increasing firmness of grasp may be recognized in the more recent books, as well as the ability to fill a larger canvas. "Poppæa," Mrs. Cruger's new novel, is the most ambitious work yet attempted by her, and may be regarded as equal in achievement to any of its predecessors, while upon a scale so much larger as to make even this measure of success creditable. But we cannot help noting the lingering traces of amateurishness that keep the book well down in the ranks, and the lapses from good and even from grammatical English that too frequently occur. Such an anti-climax, the consequence of a solecism, as this for example: "Emotion must be the keynote of her life,—Now, if it were me—" is unpardonable. There is in this book less, perhaps, of "Julien Gordon's" old tendency to assume that the life of "society" in the narrow sense is any considerable part of the life of humanity or is possessed of any broad human interest; but, *per contra*, there seems to be an increasing tendency to employ the cheap device—best exemplified by "Ouida"—of sprinkling the pages with unfamiliar proper names and would-be recondite allusions. Mrs. Cruger becomes at times quite as airy in this respect as her prototype. As for Poppæa's conduct, we must leave that for the moralist to characterize; but there is one scene at which the gorge must rise, even of those who are not moralists by profession. Even Poppæa's life stands for certain ideals of conduct, albeit neither very lofty nor very wholesome; and the scene in question is so vulgar and tawdry a derogation from these ideals that others than pruders may well find in it some cause for offence.

The Woman Question looms ominously in the forefront of Mrs. Burton Harrison's latest novel, and casts its shadow over the narrative. The "bachelor maid" of the story is a common enough figure in these days, and the author has limned the type with her habitual grace and penetration. Furthermore, her heroine is made to learn the lesson that awaits all "bachelor maids" sooner or later, the lesson that a life of the affections is not incompatible with devotion to the purest intellectual ideals—the lesson, rather, that the one is the needed complement of the other. In its tenor and outcome the work is no less sweet and wholesome than Mrs. Harrison's earlier books; yet it is made a comparative failure by the forced note of didacticism and by the frequent discussions that contribute anything but enlivenment to its pages.

Another phase of the Woman Question, which is in this case the Man Question also, occupies the attention of Mrs. Deland in her story of "Philip and His Wife." Divorce, as it presents itself to variously constituted minds, is the theme from which we never escape to any great distance while engaged with these pages. The discussion is not very conclusive, and the sympathies of readers will not always follow the author's lead, but the intensity of feeling brought to bear upon this grave social problem commands respect and makes a deep impression. Nor does absorption in an ethical discussion deny to Mrs. Deland's work some measure of palpitating life—at least as far as several of the characters are concerned. As for the hero, we are bound to give him the harsh name of a spiritual prig, and it is difficult to feel for him much sympathy in his self-evolved anguish of soul. For the rest, Mrs. Deland depicts for us New England village life with accuracy, discernment, and some slight sense of humor. "Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre" may fairly be said by her of her work considered in its non-didactic aspects.

The fine art of padding is by no means a new one, and we have frequently had occasion to name Mr. Crawford as among the novelists most accomplished in its practice. But Mr. Crawford has surpassed even himself in "The Ralstons," a two-volume continuation of "Katherine Lauderdale," and the most emulous of his successors will not find it easy to tell so simple a story at so great a length. We do not say so wearisome a length, for Mr. Crawford's writing, however irrelevant to the situation, and however calculated to make the reader impatient, is always possessed of high literary finish, and flows so smoothly on that one absorbs it with no sense of effort, just as one breathes without consciousness of the act. So the various Ralstons and Lauderdals of his story carry on their interminable conversations, and the author varies their words with his own equally interminable comment, and we bide our time, knowing that a few things must happen somewhere in the course of the two volumes. Reduced to its lowest terms, the novel is a very simple presentation of some very hackneyed material—the consequences of a secret marriage and a contest for the immense fortune left by a man who amused himself by making many wills. Further developments are promised us by the novelist, and, indeed, there is in the nature of things no reason why the story of this little family group should not go on indefinitely, even to the extent of rivalling the productions of Mademoiselle de Scudéry herself.

Japan is not wholly a new field for the international novel, but its possibilities are far from exhausted, and Mr. John Luther Long, the latest writer to exploit its opportunities, must be credited with a distinct success. Both in setting and in characterization, "Miss Cherry-Blossom of Tokyo" offers convincing evidence of intimate acquaintance with its subject. The Japanese heroine has been,

to be sure, a little sophisticated by a term of residence in America, at the "Bryn Mawr gakko," but the author sees better than most observers that the oriental offers no exception to the rule of *cælum non animum mutant*. We are too apt to think that the subjects of the Mikado, by contact with things European, have really become occidentalized at heart—Mr. Long helps us to learn the lesson that their inner life remains all but wholly impenetrable to our barbarian gaze, just as we have learned a similar lesson from Mr. Kipling concerning the natives of British India. Some concessions, indeed, he is forced to make to the exigencies of the love-story which it was his main purpose to tell, and as far as it has charm for us in this respect, we must admit that he has strained the ethnical probabilities. But so extremely winning a figure as Miss Cherry-Blossom is her own excuse for being (in the pages of a novel), and we follow her fortunes, listen to her delightful broken English, and share in her griefs with the acutest sympathy. Aside from this lovingly-delineated central figure, the book does not offer us anything particularly notable as characterization or as constructive workmanship.

"The Princess Aline" is really a short story put forth in the guise of a book. To say that Mr. Davis wrote it is to say that it is a good story, original in conception and brilliant in execution. The whimsicality of the central idea reminds us somehow of the kind of work that Mr. Aldrich used to give us in the "Marjorie Daw" period of his activity. It was distinctly a clever invention to start the hero on a long journey in quest of a woman whom he knew only from her photograph, to bring him on several occasions exasperatingly near an acquaintance only to be baffled each time by some untoward incident, to provide him with a sympathetic confidant and traveling-companion in the shape of one of his own countrywomen, and to make him discover in the end that the woman he really loved was not the one whom he had unsuccessfully pursued, but the one who had abetted him in the pursuit. Anything more exquisite in its suggestiveness than the episode which closes this charming *nouvelle* is not often met with in contemporary fiction.

Mr. Besant's latest novel is not a very successful performance, although there is some considerable degree of novelty in the fundamental idea. An immense fortune left by a miser supposed to have died intestate is provided for the reader's delectation at the outset, and the intrigues of the many claimants who promptly appear form the substance of the story. The novelty consists in the fact that the real heir, knowing his rights all the time, deliberately refrains from asserting them, being influenced to this abstinence by the fact that the fortune had been accumulated by highly disreputable methods. We doubt if the ethics of such a case are to be taken for granted as fully as the author would have us so take them, and his scruples are rather likely to

irritate the reader. Eventually, the heir succumbs to the temptation, but only in time to enjoy (in imagination) his prospective wealth for a brief space, since the tardy discovery of a will sets at naught his ambitions. There is a certain impressiveness about the book considered merely as a study in heredity, for several generations of the miser's family are brought before us, and nearly all of its members fall into evil ways—as if some necessary curse attached itself to those associated with the ill-gotten store. But one has only to contrast Herr Björnson's "Det Flager" with the present story to realize all the difference between working out an idea mechanically, and working it out with psychological insight and artistic truth.

"A Man of Mark" is, like "The Prisoner of Zenda," a story of adventure and intrigue, its scene laid in an imaginary South American republic, and told in a manner strongly suggestive of *opera bouffe*. The writer gives his fancy the freest of play, and his characters, despite their unreality, succeed in interesting us in their fortunes. The narrative has swiftness of action, diversity of incident, and cleverness in a hundred minor touches.

"A Romance of Dijon" carries us away to the fair Burgundian land, and back to the great year of 1789—the year of the States-General and the overthrow of the Bastille, and the legislation of August the fourth—the year when a great wave of enthusiasm swept over the French nation, and men fondly believed that a new and better world might be built up post haste upon the ruins of the old. These stirring events, as they affected the lives of a few simple provincials—a decayed nobleman, a fair shop-keeping maiden, a Huguenot who had learned in bitter experience the meaning of the Revocation—are the subject of the interesting story that Miss Betham-Edwards has told for us, and invested with the charm that comes from loving familiarity with the types and scenes described.

It is something of a coincidence that, simultaneously with the story just mentioned, there should have appeared another so similar in theme and treatment as Miss Price's "In the Lion's Mouth." The same momentous years and the same provincial scenes are set before us by the second English-woman as by the first, although the result, it must be confessed, is less satisfactory. The author writes from far less knowledge of her subject, and her scenes and characters are the merely conventionalized reflections of the average reader who has found interesting the history of the great Revolution. The story is too diffuse to hold the attention very closely, and, somehow or other, we take but a languid interest in the characters. Conscientious but dull must be the verdict upon this unpretending performance.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

THE Dante house in Florence has been made a national monument by royal decree.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Studies in
Modern Music.*

A second series of Mr. W. H. Hadow's "Studies in Modern Music" (Macmillan) includes four essays.

An introductory chapter on the "Outlines of Musical Form" is followed by special studies upon Chopin, Mr. Dvorak, and Herr Brahms. Four portraits illustrate the text. Mr. Hadow's essay on musical form is one of the most searching discussions of this subject with which we are acquainted. Starting with the fundamental psychological considerations upon which our appreciation of music is based, the author proceeds to examine the principles of structure, style, and function in musical composition. His treatment is not over-technical, although to understand it one must know the rudiments of musical grammar, and the fruitful method is employed of making large use of the analogies of literary composition. The following is a pregnant passage upon the subject of musical function: "The general function of music may be stated in a single word—to be beautiful. It is the one art in which no human being can raise the false issue of a direct ethical influence. It allows absolutely no scope for the confusion of thought which, on one side, brought 'Madame Bovary' into the law-courts, and, on the other, has taught the British public to regard as a great religious teacher the ingenious gentleman who illustrated the 'Contes Drolatiques.' Of course, all contemplation of pure beauty is ennobling, and in this sense music may have the same indirect moral bearing as a flower, or a sunset, or a Greek statue." This is admirably put (the remark about Doré being borrowed from Mr. Ruskin), and yet it does not emphasize quite sufficiently the significance of the "indirect moral bearing" of music. To compare it with a sunset or a flower in this respect is surely misleading, for the difference in degree is enormous. Richard Grant White and the other writers who have argued that the appeal of music is exclusively sensuous and intellectual have shown a singular blindness in refusing to admit its power as a factor in the development of the emotional life. Yet this is of primary importance, for whatever adds to the richness and purity of that life must react upon character. We are inclined to say that music is ethical in the highest and best sense, although its influence be indirect. Possibly, also, the writer goes a little too far in his assertion of the thesis that the discords of one age may be the accepted harmonies of the next. The kernel of the contention is in the following passage: "At the present day, a composer who should end a piece on a minor second would be deliberately violating the established language of the time; and would be reprehensible, not because a minor second is ugly—for it will be a concord some day—but because, in the existing state of music, it could not be naturally placed at the close of a cadence. Imagine Händel's face on being shown a song when finished on a dominant seventh out of the key. And, having imagined

it, turn to Schumann's 'Im Wunderschönen Monat Mai.' We must be content to dismiss with a word the three individual studies that follow this introductory essay. They are in a high degree sympathetic and acute. The appreciation of Herr Brahms, in particular, with its fine but tempered enthusiasm, is a noteworthy contribution to musical criticism. The partisans of this great composer have too long been at swords' points with the Wagnerians; it is time for sane criticism to grow catholic enough to enroll both composers among the great masters.

*German
criticism
of Shakespeare.*

The name of Bernhard ten Brink has been long familiar to students of English as authoritative on the language and literature of Chaucer; ten Brink's "Early English Literature," too, holds a place of first importance as guide to the English writers of the earlier epochs. The publication of his "Five Lectures on Shakespeare" (Holt), translated from a German edition by Julia Franklin, will hardly extend the fame of this clear-minded, finely-appreciative German critic of English letters; for the scope of the volume is too limited and its purpose too modest for that. Its appearance, however, will emphasize the loss of such a mind to German and to English scholarship, while the book itself will prove a contribution of actual value to standard Shakespeare literature. The five lectures included in the volume were given at Frankfort-on-the-Main, if we are not mistaken, in the winter of 1886-7. The plan of the lectures, as announced by the author, is "to touch in their order upon the important problems to which the phenomenon of Shakespeare gives rise." Therefore the first lecture concerns itself at some length with a discussion of the "Shakespeare myth" with respect to which it was needful to speak some word at the beginning of such a course in such a presence. That word was spoken by ten Brink, calmly withal, yet effectually. Those who sat under the Professor's instruction at Strassburg well remember how, at the beginning of a course similar to this, delivered to his students at this very time, his "Shakespeare, kein Mythos" rang out roundly as a key-note to the discussion which was to come. The titles of the successive lectures are: "The Poet and the Man," "The Chronology of Shakespeare's Works," "Shakespeare as a Dramatist," "Shakespeare as a Comic Poet," "Shakespeare as a Tragic Writer." The Shakespearian will find a great deal more than mere platitude in these chapters. There is much that is suggestive and not a little that is new. Particularly helpful seems the comment on the relationship between the dramatist's experiences and his creations, as found in the second lecture; also the discussion of the *dramatic idea* in the plays, which occurs in the third lecture. It is of interest to note in passing that the author regards "King Lear" as the play in which "the poet attains the summit of his tragic powers." Details cannot be added here; it is enough to call the attention of the student to this volume, to emphasize the intel-

ligence and dignity of its comments, the admirable sanity of its judgments and criticism. There is a compact index, and the typography of the volume is excellent. The publishers have given us a book in all respects worth while.

*Ancient teachings
on marriage
and divorce.*

In writing "The History of Marriage" (Longmans), the learned Dean of Lichfield, Herbert Mortimer Lucecock, makes no attempt to trace the history of marriage through all times and among all peoples. Himself a theologian, he aims only to discover the exact teaching of the Bible and the Church in the matters of marriage and divorce. In his opening chapter he considers the original institution of marriage, asserting that Eve was created that Adam might more fully be the image of God — i. e., that he might not be alone; the married state reflects faintly the intellectual and spiritual companionship which prevail within the Trinity itself. Mosaic legislation, Jewish custom, the teaching of the Early and the Later Church, are then presented to show that divorce was ever disapproved by them, and that a divorced person who marries during the lifetime of the former companion comes under moral condemnation. In a second part of his book, Dean Lucecock examines the Biblical and Ecclesiastical decisions regarding marriage to a deceased wife's sister. He admits that polygamy and the levirate existed and were apparently sanctioned among the Jews, but believes that they were examples of "concessive legislation" — that wrongs were winked at because of the hardness of the Jewish heart. But what the Jew was allowed to do may not be best for the Christian, and the Church has ever protested against such marriages and should continue to do so. To readers who wish for just this sort of information, nothing can be better than the book before us. The author's style is attractive; his learning is great; his heart is in the subject, and he feels that the prevailing laxity in these matters is dangerous. Perhaps, however, it is best that each generation should deal with its own living questions in its own way. The present is little likely to be much affected by the ecclesiastical decisions of by-gone times. It is hardly probable that the legislation of the twentieth century will be much influenced by the fact that at the Spanish Council of Elvira, in 305 A.D., a penalty was inflicted upon a man who married his dead wife's sister.

*Introduction
to English
Literature.*

"An Introduction to English Literature" (Holt), by Mr. Henry S. Pancoast, seems to us as close an approach as has yet been made to the ideal text-book for secondary-school use. It is compact, admirable in selection of material, reasonable in judgment, well-proportioned as regards historical and critical matter, divided into well-defined sections, and well provided with tables, lists of books, and other helpful apparatus. It does not make the mistake of attempting to include extracts (except for the brief-

est of illustrative passages), but sends students directly to the literature itself; it is a working hand-book which keeps in view the needs of young people, and passes briefly over many matters that would deserve much space in a history proper of English literature; it does not seek to enforce cut-and-dried critical judgments. About one-half of the text is given to writers of the last hundred years, and about one-half of that to the Victorians. The importance of knowing English history (in the broad social sense) is everywhere inculcated. We have noticed a few misprints and other inaccuracies, but nothing very serious, as the book has the special advantage of being the revision and correction of an earlier publication by the same author. Altogether, we can recommend it as a manual likely to attract the young mind rather than to repel, the one essential condition being granted of its use by a sympathetic teacher, full of enthusiasm for his subject and his work.

*An adequate
translation of
a French classic.*

In our recent remarks upon "The Neglected Art of Translation" we spoke of the occasional appearance of a translator having quality rather than quantity for an aim, and having the ability to write English as well as the ability to read some foreign language. Among the few translators possessed of these qualifications, Professor Melville B. Anderson occupies a conspicuous place, and his several translations from the French are characterized at once by the excellence of their English and by the knowledge of the foreign idiom displayed. The most remarkable of the series is undoubtedly Hugo's "William Shakespeare," which is a *tour de force* in English as it is in the original. But Professor Anderson has, in addition, given us versions of several volumes in the series of "Grands Ecrivains Français," and now offers us the first really acceptable English translation that has ever been made of St. Pierre's "Paul and Virginia" (McClurg). In its present form, the reader ignorant of French may for the first time understand why the work has so undisputed a rank among the classics. Heretofore he has had to take the statement on faith. Besides the translation, Professor Anderson gives us an admirable Introduction of some fifty pages, biographical, critical, and bibliographical. But why does he continually refer to a recent biographer of St. Pierre as "Barine?" The work appears in the series of "Laurel Crowned Tales."

*Later essays by
"A Country
Parson."*

Garulity is not a mark of senility in the Rev. Dr. Andrew Kennedy Hutchinson Boyd. Neither is egotism. He is only seventy — no very great age for a Scotsman, — and both the characteristics above named were as prominent in his essays published a third of a century ago, as in the latest book from his pen; and both are charming features of all his writings. The reader of this latest book might wonder why it was entitled "St. Andrews and Else-

where" (Longmans), but the same reader would be sorely puzzled if asked to suggest a more appropriate title for this collection of otherwise disconnected papers; and if this were his first acquaintance with "A. K. H. B.," he would desire to know him more thoroughly by reading "Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews" and "Recreations of a Country Parson." Dr. Boyd's style is peculiarly his own. We are not prepared to say that it would be improved by a greater conformity to conventional rules of punctuation and italicization. It might seem paying too great heed to trifling details to mention his peculiar use of the colon; but a more serious critic, as he tells us, has found fault with his use of italics.

A short history of Painting.

"A Text-Book of the History of Painting" (Longmans), by Professor John C. Van Dyke, is the initial volume of a promising series (edited by Professor Van Dyke) of concise art manuals designed especially for class-room use. The little volume seems a model of pith, lucidity, and practical convenience; and that it is sound and accurate the author's name is a sufficient guarantee. Essential historical and biographical facts, together with brief critical estimates and characterizations of leading schools and painters, are given in a few well-chosen words; and for students who wish to pursue the subject in detail, a list of selected authorities at the head of each chapter points the way. Serviceable lists are also provided of principal extant works, together with the places where they are to be found. The text is liberally sprinkled with illustrations in half-tone.

Napoleon III. and "Lady Stuart."

"Napoleon III. and Lady Stuart" (Tait & Sons), a pretty volume translated by A. C. S. from the French of M. Paul de Lano, recounts an episode of the Tuileries under the Second Empire that recalls the adage about truth and fiction. The story seems, at first blush, suspiciously melodramatic; but M. de Lano had his facts from "Lady Stuart" herself (whose interest lay rather in suppressing them than in publishing them), and he seems satisfied of their truth. Intrigue, seduction, kidnapping, murder, and court-yahooism generally, form the sufficiently pungent elements of the drama; and it is hard to say which of its royal and titled protagonists played the most discreditable part. The storm of Sedan would seem to have cleared the moral as well as the political atmosphere in France. There is a fine portrait of "Lady Stuart."

Louisiana Folk-tales.

The second volume of the publications of the American Folk-lore Society bears the title "Louisiana Folk-Tales" (Houghton), and contains tales in the Creole dialect and translation, classified as "animal tales" of probable African origin, and "Marchen," or fairy tales, probably from India. No examples are given of the *vaudesilles*, or tales and songs, which complete the three kinds of folk-tales found

in Louisiana. These tales are collected and edited by Alcè Fortier, D.Lt., Professor of Romance Languages in Tulane University, New Orleans, and President of the Folk-Lore Society.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Mr. Frank Preston Stearns's "Life and Genius of Tintoretto" (Putnam) is a scholarly and well considered study of the great Venetian and his art—the most ambitious attempt of the kind, we think, that has yet appeared in English. Mr. Stearns has spared no pains to make his book as complete as possible biographically, and his appreciations of the master's style and genius are delicate and just. There are four well-executed illustrations in photogravure.

Miss Wormeley's translation of Molière (Roberts) has reached its third volume, which gives us versions of "Les Femmes Savantes" and "Le Malade Imaginaire." The introduction to this volume is mainly devoted to a historical sketch of the Hotel de Rambouillet, which, of course, suggested the former of the two plays. Of the other, little is said or need be. Its satirical quality is obvious enough, and its pathetic association with the death of the author is too familiar a fact to call for more than bare mention.

We take pleasure in noting the completion, by the publication of a fourth volume, of the magnificent illustrated edition of Green's "Short History of the English People" (Harper), edited by Mrs. Green and Miss Norgate. This fourth volume is in all respects worthy of its predecessors, and it would be superfluous to repeat the words of praise that we have already bestowed upon the undertaking now happily carried to a conclusion. The work is indeed one that "no gentleman's library should be without."

Volume III. of Mr. Conway's edition of "The Writings of Thomas Paine" (Putnam) has just appeared, and covers the period from 1791 to 1804. It includes the peculiarly interesting years of Paine's experience as a French revolutionist. The longest of the works reprinted are the "Memorial to Monroe" (1795), the "Letter to George Washington" (1796), and the series of "Letters to the Citizens of the United States" (1802-1804). It is safe to say that Mr. Conway's labors are for the first time presenting the true Paine to the eyes of his fellow-countrymen.

A chatty, pleasantly written book, containing many curious scraps of out-of-the-way information and gossip, is Mr. Henry W. Wolff's "Odd Bits of History" (Longmans). Such headings as "The Pretender at Barle-Duc," "Richard de la Pole, 'White Rose,'" "Voltaire and King Stanislas," "Something about Beer," etc., indicate the drift of the papers, which originally appeared as review articles. The volume is written in a very agreeable style, recalling the author's charming "Black Forest Rambles" of some four years ago.

The volumes of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (Macmillan) come to us with more than the regularity of the seasons. No. XLII. is now at hand, beginning with O'Duinn and ending with Owen. It has, as may be imagined, a marked Celtic flavor. But sprinkled among the Irishmen in O' we find the names of Oliphant, Otway, and Overbury, to say nothing of the long line of Owens at the end.

LITERARY NOTES.

"En Marche" is the title of the novel upon which M. Bourget is said to be now engaged.

More than eleven thousand dollars have already been subscribed toward the proposed Parkman memorial.

The Turnbull lectures on poetry for 1896 will be given by Dr. George A. Smith, of Glasgow, with "Hebrew Poetry" for his subject.

A posthumous volume of poems by Leconte de Lisle is announced, to contain the suppressed "Passion" and "Apollonide," and some fifteen hundred hitherto unpublished verses.

The annual meeting of the Walt Whitman Fellowship is set for May 31, at Philadelphia. There will be speeches and a dinner. All interested in Whitman are invited by the secretary, Mr. H. L. Traubel.

We learn from "The Bookman" that Professor C. G. D. Roberts has resigned his post at Windsor, N. S., and intends to make his home in the United States. We can assure him of a hearty welcome from our literary folk.

Mr. W. I. Fletcher will superintend a five weeks' summer school of library economy at Amherst this year, beginning July 1. The class will be conducted as one of beginners, and the course offered will afford an excellent basis for professional training, although it can hardly be expected to transform the raw student at once into an accomplished librarian. Mr. Cutter's "Rules for Cataloguing" will be the chief text-book used.

The Stevenson manuscripts, now in possession of Mr. Charles Baxter, who is negotiating for their publication, include the following: "Vailima Letters," a sort of diary inscribed to Mr. Sidney Colvin; "St. Ives," a romance within two chapters of completion; a 50,000-word fragment, complete in itself, of "Weir of Hermiston"; "The Great North Road," a tale in about 15,000 words; a small volume of "Fables"; and a series of letters to children on history. Mr. Colvin, by the way, will be Stevenson's biographer.

The Woman's Club of Chicago seized the occasion of Shakespeare's birthday to offer a reception to the "literary fraternity" of the city and vicinity. A number of brief addresses were made, those of Mr. H. W. Mabie and Mrs. Lindon Bates being noticeable for both substance and point, and the affair as a whole was very enjoyable. Others present included Mr. Henry B. Fuller, General O. O. Howard, Miss Eliza Allen Starr, Miss Harriet Monroe, Miss Blanche Fearing, Miss Lilian Bell, and Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Art other than the literary was well represented by M. Raffaelli and Miss Harriet Hosmer, both of whom were among the speakers.

A literary *trouvaille* of extraordinary interest is reported by Mr. G. C. Macaulay in the last "Academy" to reach us. It is nothing less than a manuscript poem of the fourteenth century which is believed to be the "Speculum Meditantis" of Gower—the lost French poem. The work is thus described: "It proves to be a poem of about 29,000 octosyllabic lines, in stanzas of twelve lines each, which rhyme *a b a a b b a b b a*. The MS., which appears to be of the fourteenth century, has at present 152 leaves, including one that is glued down to the binding at the beginning. After this first leaf, on which we have the title 'Mirour de l'homme' and a table of the ten parts of the poem, four leaves have been cut out, and seven more are missing in other

parts of the book, besides some—it is uncertain how many—at the end. Thus the beginning and the end of the poem are both wanting; and the object of my description is partly to direct attention to the title and form of the book, in order that a perfect copy may be found, if it anywhere exists. Probably not much is lost at the end, for the poem seems to be nearing its conclusion when the MS. breaks off." The work was unearthed in the Cambridge University Library.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

May, 1895 (First List).

Arid America, The Conquest of. W. E. Smythe. *Century*.
Art in Australia. May L. Manning. *Mag. of Art*.
Artists, American, in Paris. R. H. Sherard. *Mag. of Art*.
Birds, Our Native. W. Warren Brown. *Lippincott*.
Carpet-Bag Regime, Downfall of the. *Scribner*.
Church Fonts. C. F. Yonge. *Magazine of Art*.
Co-education, American. Mme. Blanc. *McClure*.
Davis, Richard Harding. *Atlantic*.
Drama, The German. Sidney Whitman. *Chautauquan*.
Eastern Pictures and Problems. *Dial*.
Fashions, Nineteenth Century. Alice M. Earle. *Chautauquan*.
Fiction, Recent. William Morton Payne. *Dial*.
Golf. Henry E. Howland. *Scribner*.
Ibsen Legend, The. *Dial*.
Journalism. Charles A. Dana. *McClure*.
Latin Poetry, Prof. Tyrrell on. W. H. Johnson. *Dial*.
Lincoln's Career, The Close of. Noah Brooks. *Century*.
Liver, Story of the. Andrew Wilson. *Harper*.
Mars, The Atmosphere of. Percival Lowell. *Atlantic*.
Men's Work Among Women. Brockholst Morgan. *Harper*.
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[The following list, containing 60 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

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The Life of the Spirit in the Modern English Poets. By Vida D. Scudder. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 349. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.75.
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Books Fatal to their Authors. By P. H. Ditchfield, M.A. 16mo, uncut, pp. 244. Armstrongs' "Book-Lover's Library." \$1.25.
The Ways of Yale in the Consularship of Plancus. By Henry A. Beers. Illus., 18mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 245. Henry Holt & Co. 75 cts.
Talmudic Sayings. Selected and arranged by the Rev. Henry Cohen. 12mo, pp. 94. Cincinnati: The Bloch Co.
The House Beautiful. By William C. Gannett. 18mo, pp. 26. James H. West. 15 cts.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

The Life of Samuel J. Tilden. By John Bigelow, LL.D., author of "Life of Benjamin Franklin." In 2 vols., illus., 8vo, gilt tops, uncut. Harper & Bros. Boxed, \$6.

- Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. In 2 vols., illus., 8vo, gilt tops, uncut. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$6.
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- Prince Bismarck. By Charles Lowe, M.A., author of "Alexander III. of Russia." With portrait, 12mo, pp. 245. Roberts Bros. \$1.25.
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